

Desirous

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Summary: Simmons watches, jealousy growing from what Grif loves to have in his mouth. Donut comes, then Sarge, and they can't help but feel and do the same. They may complain about his habits, but they can't deny the sexiness.

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**\*\*A/N: \*\***Let me just tell you that this was spawned from listening to the song 'Jealous of Your Cigarette' by Hawksley Workman a few (hundred) too many times. There's something wrong with me, as I'm sure you've all by now figured out. But it's a fun wrongness.  
> Oh, yeah, and this is for a little livejournal challenge. I couldn't resist, it having to deal with the seven deadly sins and all. They're my favorite.  
**\*\*Genre:\*\*** Humor/Romance  
> **Pairings:** one-sided-Simmons/Grif, Donut/Grif, Sarge/Grif, double-sided- Grif/his cigarette  
> **Rating:** T/PG-13  
> **Summary:** Simmons watches, jealousy growing from what Grif loves to have in his mouth. Donut comes, then Sarge, and they can't help but feel and do the same. They may complain about his habits, but they can't deny the sexiness.  
> **Warnings:** Smoking, slash, and thankfulness for armor that covers a man's lower half.

Desirous

> (Sin-Envy)<p>

Simmons tried-oh, god, he really did try-to ignore the tanned, brown haired man next to him. He was failing, though-and miserably. It was Grif's fault, completely; he was the one being so damn tantalizing.

Slowly, Grif inhaled, then just as slowly blew out a ring of smoke. A wave of pleasure rushed onto his face, his cigarette resting pleasantly between his lips. He leaned back casually, arms extending behind his non-helmeted head to act as pillows. His eyes closed,

apparently unaware of being watched. Or maybe just not caring. Or, he could possibly have mistaken it for a glare because he dared to smoke with Simmons' ex-lungs.

The maroon soldier knew it was beyond belief to be jealous of a cigarette, of all things, but he couldn't help himself. The way the other man just had it in his mouth, sucking on it then blowing outâ€|

Thank whatever god there was for the armor that was currently covering his body, especially the lower half. Even though it was applying unnecessary pressure unto that same area.

"G-Grif, stop thatâ€|Please," Simmons managed to practically moan out desperately.

"I'll smoke all I want," the tan soldier replied as he cracked open an eye. Both eyes opened full way, however, when he noticed Simmons' odd behavior.

"You okay?" he asked.

"F-fine. Justâ€|just stop cigarette please, now. Please," the other man babbled incoherently. Grif raised an eyebrow.

"Right. Maybe you should go lie down," he suggested, unconsciously shifting the stick around with his tongue. Simmons couldn't help but gulp.

"Nuh, no. I'm fine, really. Just put that damn cigarette out," he replied, voice cracking slightly. Grif pretended to consider obeying for a minute before decided.

"Mmâ€|Nope." Instantaneously his eyes closed again and he sucked on his cigarette, oblivious to the maroon soldier's discomfort.

Eventually, Grif's cigarette died out and he flicked it away as Donut walked up. The pink clad man stopped next to Simmons, who still couldn't tear his eyes away from the other one's lips, and the brunette lit himself up another cancer stick.

"Hey, guys. Sarge wanted meâ€|toâ€|umâ€|" he trailed off as he saw extreme pleasure roll over Grif's face. The older man took a long drag, then released the smoke upwards into the air, watching it swirl away.

"What's that, Donut?" the tan soldier asked lazily, not really caring. He turned to the pink soldier.

"Er, um, nothing. I'ma just gonna, uh, sit down here with, eh, you guysâ€|" he mumbled, removing his helmet and going down next to Simmons. He watched Grif intensely as he shrugged noncommittally.

"Whatever," he replied though a yawn, stretching out.

He went back to his original position: eyes closed and hands clasped behind his head. With difficulty due to his armor, Donut crossed his legs-despite that it wasn't necessary since aforementioned armor

blocked off all view of his flesh.

After a few minutes, filled with Simmons and Donut watching Grif puff, the pink clad soldier leaned over to the other private and whispered so only he could hear the question.

"So, um, wow. He really knows how to smoke that, huh?"

"Uh-huh," the maroon clad man replied intelligently, glad he had kept his helmet on as he found his mouth unable to shut on its own.

"You're not going out with him, right? I mean, Grif's single, isn't he?" the blonde entreated, eyes not leaving said loafer.

"Yeah, he's not seeing anyone," Simmons answered. "Why?"

"We're watching the same thing, you can figure it out," Donut replied with a grin. "Hey, Grif?"

"What?" the man responded, raising an eyelid halfway. He fixed his gaze idly on the younger man.

"Wanna-oomph!" Donut groaned as Simmons hit him upside the head with more force than he thought necessary. "What was that for?"

"Hell no," was the dark haired man's response. The blonde felt more than saw the fierce glare the older man was directing towards him.

"Hey, it's fair game," Donut told him huffily.

As the two began to argue, Grif watched the exchange curiously. The corner of his lips twitched upwards into a grin, amused at whatever they were fighting over. It all lasted for a good seven minutes when Sarge stomped over, fuming.

"Boy, I told you to go get these two ten minutes ago! Now what is so damn interesting that you have ta?" Grif looked up at his superior who had gone quite mid-rant. Donut and Simmons had quieted, and all three seemed to be staring at him. He puffed on what remained of his cancer stick.

"Huh? Did I miss something?" he asked cluelessly, a hand going to his mouth to pull out the butt of the almost-gone cigarette. He flicked it away and again took out his pack.

"Er, don't smoke with Simmons' lungs," Sarge mumbled before turning on the balls of his heels and marching stiffly off. Grif watched the older man leave with a raised eyebrow.

"Uh, yeah, don't," Simmons agreed before he, too, left.

"Wish I was a cigarette," Donut whispered to the maroon soldier as he followed him away.

The remaining man tried to make heads-or-tails of what had just transpired. Shaking it off as just another moment of complete and utter insanity-slash-stupidity of his teammates, Grif lit himself up another cigarette.

End  
file.